

THE
NEW-YORK
WEEKLY MUSEUM,
OR
POLITE REPOSITORY
OF
AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

VOL. V.

SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1817.

NO. 26

ALBIRA AND ALCESTES.

A TALE.

How weak is man ! He seeks the gratification of his wishes, and when they are fulfilled, he finds that the attainment is not sufficient to ensure him happiness ; novelty for awhile may please his roving fancy, but his soul still hankers after some unknown good. In the pursuit of a favourite object, the fancy roves in the mazes of pleasing expectation ; magnifies any beauties it may possess, and forms imaginary ones ; yet, alas ! with possession comes satiety ; he for the moment sees no fresh pleasure in view ; finds the one he has gained fall far short of his expectations : and he remains in a state of misery, until some fresh object attracts his attention ; he then engages again with ardour in the pursuit, until he is arrested in his career by disappointment.

In one of the most fertile vales of the kingdom of Persia, dwelt Albira and his son Alcestes. Though each day the revolving sun saw cheerfulness imprinted on their countenances, yet they had their own labour alone to supply the wants of the morrow. As their little flock cropped the herbage of the plain, or strayed up the sides of the hills, Alcestes, with his pipe would try to dispel the gloom that in spite of his efforts, would sometimes settle on the brow of

his father, at the recollection of the scenes of his youth.

Early in life he had mixed with the gay world ; prosperity smiled upon him ; he therefore had many friends ; and often had the occasion to express their thanks to him for his generosity : but when he in turn, by unforeseen misfortunes, stood in need of their assistance, they behaved to him with such cold indifference, as would have wounded a less susceptible heart than that which beat within the bosom of Albira. By his experience he was well qualified as an instructor to his son ; he pointed out the path of rectitude for his observance, and held up a variety of examples of virtue for his imitation. Vice he likewise faithfully depicted, and exhibited both in such colours, as could not fail to make him revere the one, and detest the other.

Thus early initiated into the love of virtue, he possessed that blest serenity of soul, that forms the basis of every enjoyment. He never knew a wish ungratified, because they were small ; nor ever strayed beyond the boundaries of the valley. To him his pipe was a constant companion, while he tended his flock through the day ; and in the evening, he sat with pleasure to hear the instructions of his father. Each morn, as he rose with the sun, he prostrated himself to that bright luminary of the world,

requesting it would shine propitious on his labour through the day ; and when at eve it was fast sinking behind the hills, he again bent his knee to the god of the Persians. At any feast of rural merriment, he was always first to join the happy throng ; the swains rejoiced when he appeared ; and the virgins, by a variety of little arts, tried to vie with each other in attracting the notice of the favourite youth. In these simple forms appeared happiness to the youthful Alcestes ; until one evening, as he was returning home, he observed a youth at some distance stretched on the ground, and groaning in great agony. He approached, and, with a sympathizing look and voice, inquired the cause. The youth, with difficulty informed him, that he had been hunting with a party of friends, from whom, about an hour ago, he had been separated ; and as he found night coming on, he had determined to take up his abode, till the morning, at one of the neighbouring cottages ; and was accordingly proceeding on his way thither, when his horse's footing gave way, and he was hurried, by the accident, with great velocity down the hill, by which he was severely bruised. He then requested Alcestes would remove him to some place where he might have proper attendance ; concluding with a promise of reward for his services. Alcestes stood in need of no appeal to awaken his humanity to an unfortunate stranger ; his father's roof had ever been a shelter to the unfortunate in whatever condition ; and even the traveller, whom chance had directed to the cottage of Albira, never crossed the threshold to pursue his journey, till he had witnessed the hospitality of its owner. He therefore with haste procured the proper assistance to convey him to his father's dwelling, who, on their arrival, praised his son for his humanity, and assisted the stranger to the utmost of his power.— By the kind attentions of his host, he appeared to recover daily, and was in a short time, in a condition to return to his friends. Alcestes, during his confinement, had constantly attended by the side of his couch, to supply his

wants ; and Hasher, (the name of the youth,) to enliven the solitary hours he spent with him, would relate the various pleasures of the capital. Alcestes, by degrees, lost the relish for his usual amusements, and longed to be a partaker of the delights which were depicted to him in such glowing colours.

Hasher repeated the description ; Alcestes listened with eagerness : each time it was recited, he saw some fresh pleasure present itself. He compared Hasher's appearance with his own : his magnificence now, for the first time excited his envy. "I toil (exclaimed he) from the rising to the setting of the sun, and receive for my labour a bare subsistence ; while Hasher is crowded with every blessing the world can bestow, or mortal can wish. Surely my father, when he represented the pleasures of the great world in so different a light, was actuated more by disappointment, or the malevolence of age, than a regard to truth. Hasher was now about to depart, but first expressed his thanks to Albira, and his son, for their kind attentions to him ; and, as a return for the favours he had received, requested that the latter might accompany him to the court of the Persian monarch, where he would be certain of meeting the reward of virtue. Delighted at the proposal, Alcestes requested his father's permission to accede to it ; but he as strenuously opposed it. "My son, (said the venerable man,) it has ever been my care to instil into your mind, from your infancy, a love for this peaceful retirement. I wish not to debar you of any rational pleasures that youth in general partakes of ; but whatever can be conducive to your happiness, is to be found in this valley. In courts every species of vice lurks under the enticing form of pleasure ; the unwary youth is lured to join in the throng of dissipation, and too late finds his error : he then plunges into fresh pleasures, to avoid the stings of a guilty conscience. The lessons of virtue I have endeavoured to instil into your mind, I should hope, would be proof against the enticements of vice ; but youth, ever vainly bold in imagined

strength, ventures too far to recede." Whatever arguments he urged to dissuade his son from quitting him were ineffectual; the prospect of happiness before him was too pleasing to be relinquished; yet his bosom was torn by contending passions. He loved his father, and could not bear to quit him without receiving his blessing. But again he thought he should soon be able to return, and amply compensate him for any uneasiness he might experience on his account, by placing him above the grasp of poverty. This idea in a great measure banished the former, and he rose cheerful the next morning, and with Hasher pursued his course to Ispahan; but the night was far advanced before their journey was completed.

The next day he was agreeably amused by the variety of objects that presented themselves; objects that were entirely new to him; the magnificence of the houses, the crowds of people that thronged the streets, the richness of their apparel were equal causes of astonishment. Finery appeared their predominant passion; even the architects seemed to have considered attracting the eye of the observer in the houses, more than the convenience of those who were to inhabit them. The Sophi passed—he gazed with wonder at the richness of his retinue, and at the cringing crowd prostrating themselves in the dust.

The next day he was introduced to the acquaintance of some of Hasher's friends, and by them treated with the most flattering attentions: every delicacy of the East was prepared for the gratification of his appetite. During the repast, his ears were charmed with melody; and at night he sunk to repose on a bed of down. Each day he joined the youth in their pleasures; but it was always the same scene of voluptuousness: his appetite palled by the repetition: he was disgusted: he sought solitude, but there remorse stung his conscience. He mixed among the old men, in hopes of hearing wisdom; but they were engaged in equally frivolous pursuits. His sight was weary with gaudy shows;

the delicacies that were before him could not tempt his sickened appetite; music itself had lost its charms, when removed from the romantic scenes where he was wont to court it; and sleep refused its kind aid in affording happiness to the unfortunate Alcestes.

Reflection came at last; repentance and mortification ensued; but he was not deterred from regaining the path from which he had strayed. True repentance makes the unhappy man meet shame rather as an atonement for his offences, than as a common evil of life. Such was the case with Alcestes: he resolved to quit those scenes, that had alone afforded him misery and disappointment; to seek forgiveness of an offended parent; and, by a conduct in future, guided by his precepts, endeavor to erase from his mind, any idea that had ever acted contrary to them. He therefore bid adieu to his friends at Ispahan, and was once more seated in the peaceful habitation of his father.

"The will of Providence is inscrutable, (exclaimed the old man.) There are various degrees of happiness in this life; but he alone is certain to ensure it perfect to himself, who, contented in the situation he is placed, seeks not to discover how his neighbour is blessed. Happiness is placed within the reach of man in every condition; and the attainment consists alone in enjoying with gratitude, what Providence has blessed us with."

Some persons seem more deaf to the claims of justice, than to the calls of humanity; as if they had more pleasure in conferring obligations on others, than in discharging their own; or esteemed a kind disposition better worth cherishing, than a just one.

As the diurnal motion of the earth is not disturbed or retarded by the storms which agitate its atmosphere; neither are the designs of unerring wisdom, in the providential government of the world, impeded or frustrated by the perversities of the human will; though, by a breach of the divine laws, mankind may render themselves unhappy.

NARRATIVE OF BONAPARTE.

By WILLIAM WARDEN, surgeon on board the *Northumberland*.

(Continued.)

It had been a favourite conjecture in several of the newspaper, that Bonaparte, who had risked death in so many forms in the field of battle, and whose courage cannot, I should suppose, be liable to suspicion, would, nevertheless, play the coward at last and put an end to his life, rather than suffer the disgrace of being sent a banished man and a captive to St. Helena. The prevalence of such an opinion reached the ear of the object of it, who calmly replied—"No, no, I have not enough of the Roman in me to destroy myself."

The subject was continued in consequence of the incidental mention of Mr. Whitbread's name, and the unhappy termination of his life. That circumstance, as well as the political character of Mr. Whitbread, was not altogether unknown to Napoleon. After having described him as a faithful and active friend to his country, but who never betrayed any illiberal or local prejudices against the enemies of it, he seemed disposed to attribute the lamentable event to the moisture of our climate. He was not ignorant of the effects ascribed to our gloomy month of November, and multiplied his questions as to the prevalence of fogs in our island, and their supposed effects on the physical system of its inhabitants, so as to produce those hypocondriac disorders and the *tædium vitæ*, to which self-destruction is frequently imputed. He reasoned for some time with no common ingenuity on the unexpected topic, and concluded with this decisive opinion: "Suicide is a crime the most revolting to my feelings; nor does any reason present itself to my understanding by which it can be justified. It certainly originates in that species of fear which we denominate cowardice (*poltronerie*.) For what claim can that man have to courage who trembles at the frowns of fortune. True heroism consists in becoming superior to the ills of life, in whatever shape they may challenge him to the combat."

General Montholon is of a very cheerful, lively disposition; but madame, *sa tres chere femme*, is in continual application to medical assistance. Her emperor on inquiring of Mr. O'Meara the state of her health, repeated the question of Macbeth, in the following manner:—

"Can a physician minister to a mind diseased,

"Or pluck from memory a rooted evil?"

'Madame Montholon,' he continued, 'is alarmed at the idea of St. Helena. She is destitute of that firmness so necessary to her situation, and irresolution is a weakness that is unpardonable even in a woman.' It is, indeed, very evident, that we are indebted for the company of the ladies in our voyage, to the romantic devotion of the gentlemen their husbands to the object for which it was undertaken. Madame Bertrand could not even persuade her *femme de chambre* to quit Paris, till she had obtained permission for the woman's husband and son to accompany the suite.

I shall now proceed to give the account of an interesting conversation which I had with the count de las Cases on the final resolution of Napoleon to throw himself on the generosity of the English government. He prefaced his narrative with this assurance; 'No page of ancient history will give you a more faithful detail of any extraordinary event, than I am about to offer of our departure from France, and the circumstances connected with it. The future historian will certainly attempt to describe it; and you will then be able to judge of the authenticity of his materials and the correctness of his narration.

'From the time the emperor quitted the capital, it was his fixed determination to proceed to America, and establish himself on the banks of one of its great rivers, where he had no doubt, a number of his friends from France would gather round him; and as he had been finally baffled in the career of his ambition, he determined to retire from the world, and beneath the branches of his own fig-tree, in that sequestered spot, tranquilly and philosophically observe the agitations of Europe.' On my observing that the good people of Washington might entertain very different notions of his philosophy, and rather contemplate with apprehension such a colony as he would establish, Las Cases replied, 'Oh no; the career of Napoleon's ambition is terminated.' He then proceeded.

'On our arrival at Rochfort, the difficulty of reaching the land of promise appeared to be much greater than had been conjectured. Every inquiry was made, and various projects proposed; but after all, no very prac-

* Mr. O'Meara was surgeon on board the *Bellerophon*; and, when Bonaparte's medical attendant declined a continuance of his professional duties, he volunteered his services; a circumstance highly approved of by the commander of the channel fleet. Nor should I be satisfied with myself if I did not bear testimony to his skill in his profession, to the honor of his character, and the virtues of his heart.

practicable scheme offered itself to our acceptance. At length, as a *dernier resort*, two chasse-marees, (small one masted vessels) were procured; and it was in actual contemplation, to attempt a voyage across the Atlantic in them. Sixteen midshipmen engaged most willingly to direct their course: and during the night, it was thought that they might effect the meditated escape.—‘We met,’ continued Las Cases, ‘in a small room, to discuss and come to a final determination on this momentous subject: nor shall I attempt to describe the anxiety visible on the countenance of our small assembly. The emperor alone retained an unembarrassed look, when he calmly demanded the opinions of his chosen band of followers, as to his future conduct. The majority were in favour of his returning to the army, as in the south of France his cause still appeared to wear a favourable aspect. This proposition the emperor instantly rejected, with a declaration, delivered in a most decided tone, and with a peremptory gesture—That he never would be the instrument of a *civil war* in France. He declared, in the words which he had for some time frequently repeated, that his political career was terminated: & he only wished for the secure asylum which he had promised himself in America, and till that hour, had no doubts of attaining. He then asked me, as a naval officer, whether I thought that a voyage across the Atlantic was practicable in the small vessels, in which alone it then appeared that the attempt could be made. I had my doubts,’ added Las Cases, ‘and I had my wishes: the latter urged me to encourage the enterprise: and the former made me hesitate in engaging for the probability of its being crowned with success. My reply indicated the influence of them both. I answered, that I had long quitted the maritime profession, and was altogether unacquainted with the kind of vessels in question, as to their strength and capacity for such a navigation as was proposed to be undertaken in them: but as the young midshipmen, who had volunteered their services, must be competent judges of the subject, and had offered to risk their lives in navigating these vessels, no small confidence, I thought, might be placed in their probable security. This project, however, was soon abandoned, and no alternative appeared but to throw ourselves on the generosity of England.’

•• In the midst of this midnight council, but without the least appearance of dejection, at the varying and rather irresolute opinions of his friends, Napoleon ordered one of them to act as secretary, and a letter to the Prince Regent of England was dictated. On the following day, I was employ-

ed in making the necessary arrangements with captain Maitland on board the *Bellerophon*. That officer conducted himself with the utmost politeness and gentlemanly courtesy, but would not enter into any engagements on the part of his government: and with the exception of lieutenant col. Planet, every person in the suite of Bonaparte buoyed themselves up with the hopes that they should receive at least, the same treatment which had been manifested to Lucien Bonaparte in your country: and with that consolatory expectation we arrived off the coast of England.’

(To be continued)

COURTSHIP BY PUNS.

A certain Mr. Parr, being smitten with the charms of Miss Ann Marr, a provincial belle, whom he met at Harrowgate, was exceedingly perplexed to contrive how he should open his heart to her. At length he met her, as it was, for the last time that season, at a public breakfast;—and in the dread of losing her forever, he resolved even there to make a desperate effort to pop the question. Fortune favoured the attempt. It chanced that, opposite to the gentlemen there was a plate of Parmassian Cheese, and near the Lady stood a chrystal dish with Marmalade. “Will you do me the honor to accept of a little *Par, Miss Ann*?” said the lover, with a look full of meaning, and moving his head towards the Cheese. “Tell me first,” replied the damsel with admirable readiness, lifting at the same time, the top of the chrystal, “whether or not you are fond of *Mar, my Lad*?”—“Above all things in existence!” exclaimed the enraptured youth. The offers were mutually accepted, and understood as pledges of personal attachment by the parties, although nobody else comprehended the *equivoque*, or discovered any thing in the transaction but common-place civility. The treaty thus opened, was soon ratified, and Miss Ann Marr, was invested with the title of Mrs. Parr.

Those victories are defeats, which leave our sins unsubdued.

Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

REFLECTIONS FOR SPRING.

BEHOLD the verdant buds of Spring !

Welcome the season of the year,

O! hear the echoing forest ring

With notes that charm the list'ning ear.

The singing lark, the gentle breeze,

Proclaim to us stern winter o'er,

The glittering sun-beams on the trees,

Pour forth their smiling rays once more.

No more the bleaky hills are seen,

O'erspread with winter's fleecy snow,

But o'er those hills fresh blossoms green,

Now in resplendant lustre glow.

No more is vegetation bound,

In icy fetters' potent charms,

Beneath the surface of the ground,

Where nought but gloom and darkness
reigns,

For nature's still more powerful arm,

Has burst those icy bonds asunder,

And bid reviving spring return,

Pause! O man! behold and wonder!

See the face of nature change!

From gloom to cheerful scenes anew,

Which tho' to man supremely strange,

His praise to nature's God is due.

And while those scenes you thus behold,

In which are nature's works display'd,

View the Creator's power unfold

Their charms, in gaudy show array'd.

Ye thoughtless sons, awake and view,

The beds of various flowers,

Which o'er the fields in purple hue,

Sit waving 'mid refreshing showers.

We gaze on every pleasing thing,

All nature's beauties we admire,

To know the source from whence they
spring,

Should fill our thoughts with heavenly fire.

The changing seasons of the year,

The meadows, deck'd with flowers,

The tender plants which now appear,

Are emblems of celestial power.

But tho' those scenes sublimely bright,

Enchant the mind; delight the eye,

They soon must vanish from our sight,

Must fade, must wither and must die.

They're like the youthful flowers of morn,

Which in their gayest splendor bloom,

Then droop, decay, and grow forlorn.

No more to shine, but meet their doom.

Well may we, our lives compare,

To nature's scenes so transient here,

That we may guide our steps with care,

And unto wisdom's ways draw near.

How swift our days, they fly away!

How fleeting all our joys below!

How short the life of man—we say,

But not a serious thought bestow.

Let Meditation's silent hour,

Call fresh to mind this solemn truth,

That we, ere long shall be no more—

Must yield to death, tho' in our youth.

Our journey, let us then review,

Through scenes of life that are past;

And from remembrance early too,

Learn the way to heaven at last.

So when on earth our life is ended,

When we must yield to time's decay,

When earth and heavenly scenes are
blended,

May we all bloom in endless day,

S.

THE MERMAID'S SONG.

SEA nymphs, sea nymphs, follow me

Through the azure gliding wave:

Sea nymphs, sea nymphs, follow me

Down to Ocean's pearly cave:

There through coral groves we'll stray,

There we'll braid our flowing hair;

Or with am'rous Tritons play,

Or bedeck the grot with care.

Sea nymphs, sea nymphs, follow me,

See the storm begins to low'r;

Let us quit this troubled sea,

Let us seek the coral bower:

Hark the foaming billows dash!—

Hark the awful thunders roar!

Plunging, let us 'scape the flash,

Or we sink to rise no more.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

ANSWER

TO S. P. D. R. P.'S CHARADE IN OUR LAST.

All sorrows, pleasures, pains, must know
An END, in this frail world below;
And penury and dark distress,
Knows well the appalling term of LESS;
But patience, hope, and humble faith,
See endless pleasures spring from death,
And Heaven's triumphant choral swell,
Proclaims where ENDLESS pleasures
dwell.

ELLA.

Another, to the same.

END is the last, but now your first;
Yet not so great a wonder:
LESS is your second, (smaller share)
ENDLESS, is without number.

Y. Z. &c.

Answered also by 'ROMEO,' and 'SIFRID.'

ANSWER

to *Wilhelmina's* ENIGMA. in our last.

'Tis thine, O LOVE! to boast the match-
less power,
That in the lover's heart, resplendant
glows;

'Tis thine, to yield him many a happy hour,
Or give, in turn for love, despair and woe!

SIFRID.

Answered also by "W. C. H. S. C." and
"MACBETH."

NEW-YORK,

SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1817.

Intelligence.

The report of the secret committee of the House of Commons, is published in the London Courier of the 20th of Feb. They express their full conviction that designs destructive of the Constitution have been extended, and are still extending widely in many parts of Great Britain—"designs, they say, unless checked, must necessarily lead to general confusion, plunder & bloodshed."

The motion for suspending the Habeas

Corpus Act was made by Lord Castlereagh in the House of Commons, and carried 273 to 93. It is suspended for three months, and many hundreds in London and other parts of England were consequently thrown into prison, on account of the late disturbances; and one has suffered death, for being actively engaged in the late riots in London.

The actual armed force of Austria, is computed in a German journal at 530,000 men.

A Kingston article of the 17th of March, states, that General Morino had taken Cumana on the 6th of that month, with the loss of from 4 to 500 men—the Royalists, European troops, from 600 to 1000, were all put to the sword.

It is truly afflicting to hear of the horrible cruelties on both sides in this warfare. A letter from Trinidad, dated the 20th of Feb. gives a sad account of the Royal butchery at Venezuela—"War, says the writer, in its mildest form, is dreadful; but in South America it is prosecuted with indistinguishable horror—the sun shines to-day upon at least 2000 human skeletons bleaching in my fields at Guira, butchered by the Spanish assassins under the command of Morales, and most of them women, children, and negroes! In fine, every thing on that coast has been destroyed—Guira exists no more; no vestige of habitation remains!"—*Bal. paper.*

The Common Council of this city, on the 24th of March last, directed that 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th & 6th streets, in the Bowery, should thereafter be known and designated as follows:—

1st-street, to be called Chrystie-street, in honor of lieutenant colonel John Chrystie, a citizen of New-York, who died on the Niagara frontier during the late war, while in the service of the U. States, 22d of July, 1813.

2d-street, to be called Forsyth-street, in honor of lieutenant colonel Forsyth of the U. States rifle corps, who died of a wound received in Canada on the 28th June, 1813.

3d-street, to be called Eldridge-street, in honor of lieutenant Eldridge, of New-York, who was arrested in his hopeful career by the tomahawk of the savage in Upper Canada, 7th July, 1813.

4th-street, to be called Allen-street, in honor of lieutenant H. Allen, of the U. S. navy, who died of a wound received on board the sloop of war Argus, engaged with the British sloop of war Pelican, 14th Aug. 1813.

6th-street to be called Ludlow-street, in honor of lieutenant Ludlow, of the U. S. navy who received his death wound on board the U. S. frigate Chesapeake when engaged with the British frigate Shannon, 16th Sept. 1813.

Streets have heretofore been designated Pike and Lawrence, by order of the common council in honor of general Pike and capt. Lawrence of the navy

☞ THE Editor of the Museum respectfully informs his subscribers, that the present number (the 26th) completes the 5th volume of this paper—and that while he returns thanks for favors received in the line of his business, earnestly solicits a continuation of their patronage; assuring them, that every exertion will be made to continue the Museum "*an Assemblage of whatever can interest the mind, or exalt the character of the rising Generation.*"

He also informs the public, that owing to increased expences (with the view to obtain a reasonable compensation for services) he is under the necessity of raising the annual price of the Museum to *Four Dollars*, from and after the first of next month;—except to the *present* subscribers, to whom no more than *Three Dollars* will be charged for the next year's subscription from the 1st of May next, on condition of their paying, agreeably to the terms, six months subscription in advance.

Well written, suitable communications, will always be thankfully received for the Museum, and duly attended to;—but they should be forwarded, at least, the week previous to their intended publication.

To our Charade correspondents, we shall merely state, from the number we have on hand, the impossibility of gratifying all their wishes, without infringing on the other departments of the paper; and it having been suggested, that these *Puzzles* are better adapted to the long Evenings of Winter, we have concluded to postpone the publication of them, until that season.

We shall commence our next volume with the very humorous Tale of "*THE FORTUNE HUNTER.*" which cannot fail of being read with much interest and pleasure;—which, with the continuation of Warden's interesting narrative respecting Bounaparte, will occupy, with other valuable matter, several of our next weekly numbers.

To insure punctuality in serving, those who intend removing the present season, will please to forward, or leave, their address at No. 68 William-street, or, at the Book-store of Mr. Robert Magill, (formerly Mr. Barlas') No. 6 Liberty-Street, from whence the Museum will be delivered after the 1st of May.

NUPTIAL

MARRIED,

By the rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. George I. Bruce, to Miss Ann Prowitt.

By the same, Mr. William Conrey, to Mr. H. Stakes.

By the rev. Dr. Milledoler, Mr. James Frey, to Miss Elsey Houston.

By the rev. Mr. Onderdonk, Mr. Seth Stocking, jun. of Connecticut, to Miss Phoebe Sanxay, of this city.

By the rev. Dr. Romeyn, Mr. Ezekiel G. Smith, to Miss Mary L. Mott, youngest daughter of Jacob Mott, esq.

By the rev. Mr. Thatcher, Mr. John Penn, to Miss Elizabeth Welsh.

By the rev. Mr. Williams, Capt. James N. Brown to Mrs. Maria Bowering.

OBITUARY

The City Inspector reports the death of 31 persons in this city during the week ending on the 19th inst.

DIED,

After a short but severe illness Col. Benjamin North, aged 68.

Mrs. Margaret Gordon, consort of Robert Gordon, aged 37.

Mr. George Oakly, aged 53.

Mrs. Agnes Monilaws, consort of George Monilaws, sen.

Mr. William Webb, aged 28.

Mr. James Johnston, aged 40.

Mrs. Ann Ogden, consort of capt. David S. Ogden, aged 26.

Mr. James Morrison, aged 57.

Mr. William Conrey, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city, aged 84.

Mr. Denis Coyle, aged 39.

Peter Pullis, who was found hanged by a grape vine in a thicket of woods, opposite the four mile stone on the middle road.—Verdict of the inquest, suicide through insanity.

George Hallowel, of Poughkeepsie, who had been missing since the 19th December last, has been found drowned near the new Alms-house.

most
son,
ress
ook-
Mr.
ence
1st

I

Mr

mes

Seth

Phoe

el, G

gest

Peidi,

es N

f 31

end-

Ren-

obert

orge

vid S

pecta-

l by a

posite

oad.—

gh in-

, who

ember

e new